THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

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Sketch of the State of Religion at the Cape of Good Hope.

[From Barrow's Travels in Southern Africa.]

"CALVINISM, or the reformed church, as it has uſually been called, is the eſtabliſhed religion of the colony. Other ſects were tolerated; but they were neither countenanced, nor paid, nor preferred by the Dutch. The Germans, who are equally numerous with the Dutch, and moſtly Lutherans, had great difficulty in obtaining permiſſion to build a church; in which, however, they at length ſucceeded; but they were neither ſuffered to erect a ſteeple nor to hang a bell. A Methodiſt chapel has alſo lately been built; and the Moravians have a church in the country; but the Malay Mahomedans, being refuſed a church, perform their public ſervice in the ſtone quarries at the head of the town. Other ſects have not yet found themſelves ſufficiently numerous or opulent to form a community.

"The body of the clergy are in no part of the world more ſuitably provided for, or more generally reſpected, than in this country; a conſequence of their being ſupported entirely by government, and not by any tax or tythe laid upon the public. Their ſituation, it is true, leads not to affluence; but it places them beyond the apprehenſion of want or pecuniary embarraſſments; and it ſecures to their widows a ſubſiſtence for life. The ſalaries and the emoluments, which all of them enjoy, both in the town and the country diſtricts, are nearly on an equality. By their rank, which is next to that of the preſident of the court of juſtice in town, and of the landroſt in the country, they are entitled to ſeek connections with the firſt and wealthieſt

families in the colony. None would think of refuſing his daughter's hand to the ſolicitations of a clergyman: and the lady uſually conſidered the precedence at church as a full compenſation for the loſs of balls, cards, or other amuſements, which her new ſituation obliged her to relinquiſh. Some changes, however, of ſuch ſentiments were ſaid to have taken place, on the part of the ladies, with the change of their former government; and, that, whatever might ſtill be the opinion of the parents, they began to doubt whether the eaſy and unreſtrained gaiety of a red coat might not be equally productive of happineſs with the gravity of a black one.

"But the introduction of new manners and new ſentiments produced no dereliction in the pious deportment of the clergy and their families; nor was there any change in the exterior marks of devotion among the laity. The former are ſcrupulouſly exact in the obſervance of the ſeveral duties of their office, and the latter equally ſo in their attendance on public worſhip. In the country, the boors carry their devotion to an exceſs of inconvenience that looks very like hypocriſy. From ſome parts of the colony, it requires a journey of a week or ten days to go to the neareſt church, yet the whole family ſeldom fail in their attendance twice or thrice in a year.

"The duties of the clergy are not very laborious, though pretty much the ſame as in Europe. They attend church twice on Sundays, viſit the ſick when ſent for, and beſtow one morning in the week to examine young perſons in the confeſſion of faith. They muſt alſo compoſe their ſermon for Sunday, and learn it by heart. Their congregation would have little reſpect for their talents if it was read to them, though of their own compoſing. Nothing will do in a Dutch church but an extemporary rant; and they all go to church in expectation of ſome glance being made at the prevailing topic of the day, and return ſatisfied or diſpleaſed according as the preacher has coincided with or oppoſed their ſentiments on the ſubject of his diſcourſe.

"The clergy have alſo the direction of the funds raiſed for the relief of the poor. Theſe funds are eſtabliſhed from weekly donations, made by all ſuch as attend divine ſervice, from legacies, and from the ſums demanded by the church on the emancipation of ſlaves. The intereſt is applied towards the ſuccour and ſupport of thoſe whom old age, infirmities, accident, or the common misfortunes of life, may have rendered incapable of aſſiſting themſelves. This claſs is not very numerous in the Cape, and is compoſed moſtly of ſuch as have been denied, in their early days, the means of making any proviſion againſt old age; chiefly emancipated ſlaves, whoſe beſt part of their life has been dedicated entirely to the ſervice of their owners.

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" An unſucceſsful attempt was made, ſome years ago, to eſtabliſh a public grammar-ſchool at the Cape, and the clergymen were nominated as *curators*. A fund for this purpoſe was intended to be raiſed by ſubſcription; and every one was ready to put down his name, but very few came forward with the money. After the purchaſe of a ſuitable houſe, they found there was nothing left to afford even a moderate ſalary for a Latin maſter; and the clergy of the Cape, who are the only fit perſons to take upon them the important taſk of inſtructing youth, are already too well provided for by government to engage in ſo laborious an employ."

ACCOUNT *of an* ENGRAVING, *entitled* OSSIAN.

By M. GODEFROY.

AN engraving has recently appeared at Paris, which greatly adds to the juſtly acquired reputation of M. Godefroy It is entitled Oſſian. What grand ideas, what noble, what melancholy images that name recals! Thoſe ideas and thoſe images are all repreſented in the beautiful picture by Gerard, of which this engraving is a copy. It is impoſſible to introduce more unity into a piece, which, without being much varied, is, however, very complex; more graceſulneſs into a mournful ſubject, or more truth into an imaginary ſcene. The ſon of Fingal, aged and blind, attunes, on the banks of the Lutha, the laſt notes of his harp and of his voice. His attitude is deeply impaſſioned. The ſpectator imagines that he ſees the movement of his venerable head, and of his ſnowy locks. With his extinguiſhed orbs he no longer ſeeks a ray of light; they are caſt down and cloſed; his mind is wholly concentrated in his poetic enthuſiaſm, and in the recollection of heroic achievements: he plunges, as it were, into torrents of harmony and glory. He has loſt every thing; he has ſurvived all thoſe objects which attached him to life. It is time that he ſhould join the company of his anceſtors: he departs, he bids adieu to the mountains of his native land, but he leaves behind him a memory durable as the oak of the foreſts of Morven.

All that paſſes in the imagination of the aged bard, is realiſed on the canvas by the youthful painter. The ſhades of his forefathers are aſſembled on their clouds. On one ſide the majeſtic Fingal, ſupporting his head with his hand, liſtening to the ſong of his ſon. With his left arm he cloſely preſſes the beauteous Comala, his youthful miſtreſs, ſhe, who accompanied him in battle, in the diſguiſe of a young warrior, and who died of joy on ſeeing him return triumphant at the moment ſhe was deploring his death. The aged Trenmor, the ſtock of the race of

Fingal, is on his right, and behind them are the other heroes. On the other ſide is ſeated the youthful Oſcar; his attitude is mournful: the tender Malvina embraces, conſoles him with her careſſes, and appears herſelf to derive conſolation from the ſongs of the father of Oſcar. Above them is a group of heroines; Evirallin, the wife of Oſſian, whoſe ſweet voice he has celebrated, the daughters of Morni and others, accompany with their harps the harp of the ſon of Fingal, ſcatter flowers, and bring crowns for their hero.

Thus every part of this beautiful piece tends to one common centre. Oſſian is ſurrounded only with the objects of his affection, and the creations of his genius. He himſelf, the torrent, a rural landſcape, the antique turrets of the caſtle of his forefathers, the blueiſh range of mountains, and, on their ſummit, the ſun's paler orb, are alone realities, and the admirable fidelity of the pencil, the magic diſtribution of light and ſhade, render them not only viſible but palpable. All the reſt is ideal, all the figures of heroines are ærial and tranſparent. It is impoſſible to render more complete the illuſion reſulting from the ſkilful combination of fancy and truth.

The engraving is executed with the utmoſt fidelity.

Dr. Gardner's Reflections on the Providence of God, in adopting the Conſtitutions of Men to the various Climates.

WERE it not for the diſagreeable circumſtance of being obliged to combat the prejudices adopted by men in early youth, it would not be difficult to ſet in as clear a light the wiſdom and benevolence of the author of nature, in adopting the conſtitutions of the various races of men to different climates, as we ſee them diſplayed in the creation of animals. What is equally demonſtrative of the parental care of providence, is, the ample proviſion of ſuch fruits, and other vegetable productions within the tropics, as are by nature calculated for the climate and conſtitution of the inhabitants. If we carry our obſervations on the productions of the earth to the ſouth or north of the tropics, it will be found that both animals and vegetables vary in their nature and qualities as we advance to either pole, but are particularly ſuited to the climate, conſtitution, and wants of the natives.

In our progreſs northward, the tropical fruits, plants, and animals, gradually degenerate, till they at laſt vaniſh, and give place to thoſe of Europe, as better ſuited to the people in that quarter of the world. The conſtitutions and habits of life in the northern nations requiring their diet to conſiſt of a larger proportion of meat, and of fewer vegetables, than is uſed in warm climates,

climates, nature, with a moſt benevolent hand, accommodates herſelf to their wants; for in theſe countries, animals fit for the food and clothing of man increaſe in number; but vegetable productions, unleſs for the food of cattle, decreaſe in quantity, till we come to Nova Zembla, or the coaſt of the Frozen Ocean, where the inhabitants live on fiſh, fleſh of ſeals, elks, and other animals, with ſcarcely any bread or vegetables. The natural deſire of men for a larger proportion of meat, as we advance to the northern nations, has a tendency to render the blood warmer, and the bodies of men more capable of reſiſting the effects of cold, to which their habitual exerciſe in hunting and fiſhing alſo contributes. The good effects, however, of this diet will be more particularly ſeen when we come to treat of the ſtandard point of heat of the human body, which, for the preſervation of health and life, muſt be ſame in all climates and ſeaſons.

Account of the wonderful Preſervation of a Seaman.

DURING the paſſage of the Europe Eaſt Indiaman outward-bound to Madras, the following curious incident occurred, which is thus noticed by a paſſenger:

"June 29.—At nine A. M. ſaw a ſmall ſail on our lee bow; at ten hove to, and ſent a boat on board with the ſecond officer; he found one man only on board, whom he brought with him, and turned the ſail adrift, ſhe being quite a wreck. The man gives the following very curious account of himſelf:—That he ſailed from London as ſecond mate of the brig Thomas, of London, commanded by Captain Gardiner, and belonging to Meſſrs. Broderick and Co. on the 4th of March, 1802, bound to the South Seas, on the whale fiſhery; that after touching at ſeveral places on their outward-bound voyage, they arrived at Staten Land, where they remained ſix or ſeven months, and got about ſeven or eight hundred ſkins. In the courſe of that time they lengthened and decked their long-boat, and converted her into a ſhallop, of which they gave him the command, and put three ſeamen on board under him; at the ſame time giving him orders to accompany the brig to the iſland of Georgia, whether they were bound to procure ſeals and ſea elephants. They accordingly left Staten Iſland the latter end of January, 1803, in company with the brig, and after eleven days paſſage, arrived at the iſland of Georgia, where they remained two months, and left it the beginning of April; the brig and another brig, the John, of Boſton, in company, and ſtood off the iſland of Triſtan De Cunha.

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" On the 14th of April they were parted from their conforts in a heavy gale of wind, in which he loſt his three hands, who were waſhed over by a tremendous ſea, from which he narrowly eſcaped, having, only the moment before, gone below for a knife to cut away ſome part of the rigging. At that time he had on board only three pounds and a half of meat, three pounds of flour, ſix pounds of bread, and two hogſheads of water (all of which were much damaged by the gale), ſome whale oil remaining in the bottoms of a few caſks, a ſmall quantity of ſalt, and ſome bark of trees. On this ſcanty pittance, and without any means of ever dreſſing that, he had contrived to ſupport exiſtence for the ſurpriſing ſpace of 75 days, for the laſt 30 of which his principal means of ſubſiſtence were tobacco, and the bark of trees ſoaked in whale oil. When he fell in with him, he was ſhaping a courſe for the Cape of Good Hope, having miſſed Triſtan De Cunha, where he firſt meant to proceed to rejoin his conſort; his debility was, however, ſo great, that two or three days more want of ſuſtenance would have ended his earthly career. A ſubſcription was immediately made for the poor invalid, which amounted to 110l."

Memoirs of the late John Wilkes, Eſq. Alderman and Chamberlain of London.

[Abridged from the Life of him lately publiſhed by Mr. John Almon.]

JOHN WILKES was the ſon of Iſrael Wilkes, an eminent diſtiller in the city of London. He was born on the 17th of October, 1727; and after receiving the rudiments of his ſchool education at Hertford, he was placed under the tuition of a diſſenting clergyman at Ayleſbury. Accompanied by this gentleman, in the capacity of his tutor, he was ſent to finiſh his ſtudies at the univerſity of Leyden. Here he made conſiderable progreſs in claſſical knowledge, and imbibed thoſe principles of juſt taſte by which his compoſitions were afterward diſtinguiſhed. To theſe acquirements " he added the eaſy and elegant manners of a gentleman, the refinements of the moſt amiable and faſhionable politeneſs, a happy flow of ſpirits, and a perfect command of language." Thus accompliſhed, ſoon after his return to England, in 1749, he won the affections of Miſs Mary Mead, a lady of conſiderable fortune and great expectations, whom he married in the month of October of that year.

This union was by no means auſpicious. Mrs. Wilkes was ten years older than her huſband, and having been educated in the ſtrict principles of the diſſenters, was diſguſted by the diſ-

ſipated company which he introduced to her table. The remonſtrances which ſhe made on the ſubject being ineffectual, ſhe in a great meaſure withdrew herſelf from his ſociety. Thus abandoned to his diſſolute aſſociates, Mr. Wilkes indulged, without reſtraint, in riot and debauchery, to the equal injury of his conſtitution and of his finances. The latter were fatally impaired by the expences of an unſucceſsful electioneering conteſt at Berwick in 1754. This ſpeculation, added to the increaſe of his diſſoluteneſs, aggravated the differences between him and his wife to ſuch a degree, that both parties mutually agreed to legal ſeparation. The terms of this contract, which (Mr. Almon ſays) have been frequently miſrepreſented, are ſtated at large in a letter from Joſeph Paice, Eſq. Mrs. Wilkes's truſtee.

In the year 1757, the ambition of Mr. Wilkes was gratified by his being returned as member for the borough of Aylesbury. His honours, however, coſt him very dear. So ſingularly improvident was he, that his introduction into St. Stephen's chapel coſt him the enormous ſum of 7000l. By this tranſaction his pecuniary difficulties were, of courſe, greatly increaſed; and in the cold villainy of heart which frequently attends upon profuſion, he attempted to alleviate his embarraſſments by getting poſſeſſion of an annuity of 200l. which in the deed of ſeparation his wife had reſerved for her maintenance. This attempt was happily fruſtrated by the interpoſition of the court of King's Bench.

In the mean time Mr. Wilkes's parliamentary intereſt ſo much extended his influence in Buckinghamſhire, that, in the year 1758, he was appointed lieutenant-colonel, and, on the reſignation of Sir Francis Daſhwood, colonel of the militia of that county. The arrangements of the new parliament, alſo, which met in 1761, were favourable to his return for Aylesbury, for which borough he was re-elected without oppoſition. On the firſt of theſe occaſions he had been much indebted to the kindneſs of Lord Temple. By the aſſiſtance of that nobleman he now endeavoured to procure from the miniſtry ſome appointment, the emoluments of which might retrieve his broken fortunes. His views were directed to the ſituation of ambaſſador to Conſtantinople, or to the government of Canada, which, it was expected, the French would give up to the Engliſh, according to the terms of the treaty ineffectually attempted to be concluded in 1761. Theſe hopes, however, were fruſtrated. Lord Bute, not being favourable to the channel through which his application was made, refuſed to accede to his propoſals.

Wilkes's circumſtances were now in a deſperate condition, and he had the ſagacity to perceive that his only chance of retrieving his broken fortunes was to foment thoſe diſcontents

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and diſſentions which, if raiſed to a proper height, would infallibly overturn a feeble and unpopular miniſtry. The reſentment which he felt againſt Lord Bute, in conſequence of his late diſappointment, concurred with his poverty in ſtimulating him to adopt this line of conduct; and as the gates of the court were ſhut againſt him, he loſt no time in commencing his career as a patriot.

His firſt eſſay in this new character was a ſpirited and acute pamphlet, intitled "Obſervations on the Papers relative to the rupture with Spain," which was publiſhed in 1762. Early in the enſuing year he attacked the favourite with the keeneſt arrows of poliſhed wit, in an ironical dedication to his lordſhip of Ben Johnſon's hiſtorical play, "The Fall of Mortimer." He alſo arraigned the proceedings of the miniſtry with remarkable bitterneſs, in the celebrated political paper intitled the North Briton. On the reſignation of Lord Bute, which took place April 8th, 1763, he ſuſpended hoſtilities for three weeks: but, being appriſed that he muſt entertain no hopes of patronage from his lordſhip's ſucceſſors, he renewed the onſet by the publication of the famous No. 45. This paper was ſo offenſive to thoſe in power, that they reſolved, in purſuance of the opinion of the higheſt law-officers of the crown, to proceed againſt the printer and publiſhers of it. The illegal ſteps which they conſequently took againſt Wilkes, and thoſe whom they ſuppoſed to be his coadjutors, are well known. Such of our readers as wiſh to peruſe a particular account of them, will find them related much at large in theſe memoirs. It will be ſufficient for the purpoſe of this rapid ſketch to obſerve, that the conduct of the miniſtry was raſh and fooliſh in the extreme; and that by his liberation from illegal cuſtody by the court of Common Pleas, and by the ſucceſs of the actions which his patron, Lord Temple, cauſed to be brought on his behalf, and on that of more obſcure individuals, againſt the officers of the crown who had oppreſſed them, Mr. Wilkes abundantly ſhared in the triumph of the violated laws of his country. Had he been content with this triumph, he would have been inveſted with all the dignity of an aſſertor of the public liberties. But his views were not confined by theſe honourable limits. Money was wanted to ſupply his profuſe expenditure; and he was determined, at all events, to continue to haraſs adminiſtration in a mode which would ſecure to himſelf ſome profit. With theſe views, in ſpite of the remonſtrances of his beſt friend, Lord Temple, he eſtabliſhed a printing-preſs at his own houſe. This dangerous inſtrument ſoon furniſhed the means of his ruin. Tempted by the deluſive proſpect of an extenſive ſale, he reprinted the North Briton; and thus ſupplied the miniſterial law-agents with proofs of his concern in that work, which they could not otherwiſe have obtained. Nor was this the whole of

the detriment which he ſuſtained by this imprudent meaſure. Indulging the depravity of his imagination, he employed the vacant hours of ſedition in printing a few copies of an obſcene and blaſphemous poem, intitled "An Eſſay on Woman." A part of one of theſe copies was ſtolen by one of his workmen, who had been bribed for that purpoſe by the ſolicitor of the treaſury. The infamy of the poem in queſtion could ſcarcely be exceeded by the means reſorted to for obtaining poſſeſſion of it; and as if the miniſtry were determined to increaſe the diſguſt which the public felt at this nefarious tranſaction, they ſelected as a proper perſon to denounce this ſcandal in the houſe of lords, the earl of Sandwich, a nobleman notorious for his debauchery and profaneneſs. Nevertheleſs, the houſe inſtantly voted an addreſs to the king, to order the attorney-general to proſecute Mr. Wilkes for this offence. The ſcurrility with which Mr. Wilkes had treated the Scotch in his various political papers, had exaſperated ſome individuals of that nation to ſuch a degree that he was in danger of aſſaſſination; and on his accompanying his daughter to Paris in 1763, he had been challenged by a Scottiſh officer of the name of Forbes. On his return to England, he was called to account by Mr. Samuel Martin, late ſecretary to the treaſury, for ſome ſevere ſtrictures which he had made upon that gentleman in the North Briton. The conſequence was a duel, in which Mr. Wilkes was dangerouſly hurt in the belly by a piſtol ſhot.

The particulars of this tranſaction, which are very minutely detailed in the memoirs, do honour to the courage and generoſity of Mr. Wilkes. His majeſty's miniſters, apprehenſive that Mr. Wilkes would avail himſelf of his preſent circumſtances to plead indiſpoſition as an excuſe for not attending the houſe of commons, which they intended to move for his expulſion, procured an order from that houſe that two gentlemen of the faculty ſhould attend him on its behalf, and ſhould from time to time report to it the progreſs of his cure. Theſe gentlemen, however, Mr. Wilkes would not permit to viſit him; and as ſoon as he was able to travel, he went over to France with a view, no doubt, of protracting the deciſion of his caſe.

At the commencement of the enſuing ſeſſion which took place January 19, 1764, he tranſmitted to the ſpeaker a letter of excuſe for his non-attendance, which he attributed to the infirm ſtate of his health. As a voucher for his aſſertions on this point, he encloſed the certificate of a French phyſician and ſurgeon. To theſe documents, however, becauſe they were not certified by a notary public, the commons did not think proper to pay any attention, and, on the motion of Lord North, Mr. Wilkes was, for the offence of publiſhing the North Briton, expelled the houſe. In a ſhort time after this event, the legal proceſs againſt him in the court of King's Bench proceeding in

due courſe, he was found guilty of publiſhing two libels, and outlawed for default of appearance when he was ſummoned to receive ſentence.

(To be continued.)

Obſervations on ſome Superſtitious Peculiarities.

To the EDITOR,

SIR,

IN all my ſpeculative obſervations on the variety of affections incident to the human mind, and on the manners of mankind in general, few circumſtances have either arreſted my attention more forcibly, or awakened my ſurpriſe to a more elevated pitch, than thoſe ſuperſtitious peculiarities ſo diſcernible in the characters of ſome of our aged females. By this, however, I do not intend to infer that their minds are influenced by all that bigotry of ſuperſtition ſo univerſally careſſed in the monkiſh ages of the world; a bigotry by which the very ſources of literature were contaminated: no! for, thanks to the refinements of the age, that gloomy and deluſive veil of infatuation has been long ſince removed, and reaſon, by the diffuſion of knowledge and ſcience, has enlightened our ſenſes and unfettered our underſtandings. Yet, in deſpite of all that civilization has effected, there remain even in theſe days ſingularities attached to ſome of our female characters ſo cloſely bordering upon this unaccountable fanaticiſm, that one is almoſt inveigled into the opinion that the embers of ſuperſtition are ſtill unextinguiſhed.

Reaſon, aſſiſted by an improved knowledge, forbids us at preſent, it is true, to embrace a belief of the exiſtence of ſupernatural agencies: we no longer regard witches, ſorcereſſes, and magicians, with a view to their actual entity; common ſenſe has at length triumphed over credulity. Allowing, however, that the myſteries of witchcraft and divination no longer continue to prey upon the credulous nature of the human race, we are ſtill compelled to confeſs, that the eccentric notions by which the minds of ſome are poſſeſſed, ſanction us in ſuppoſing, that the traces of a former ſuperſtition are ſcarcely yet wiped away.

It requires no very extraordinary ſagacity to inform ourſelves, that there is hardly an old woman in the country, eſpecially if ſhe have the advantage of being alſo an old maid, who is not more or leſs inſpired by the fanciful notions I have juſt adverted to. I have more than once had the gratification of knowing many of this ſect, who having dived into the very depth of a tea-cup, would prognoſticate, with wonderful ſkill, from the appearance of the tea-grounds therein, events of the moſt unſpeakable

ſpeakable magnitude, or read in the features of the heavens the iſſue of conteſts, the defeat of armies, or the downfal of ſtates.

Others I have been acquainted with, on whom, according to the texture of their minds, this paſſion had operated in a different manner, who would be ſtricken ſenſeleſs with terror at the chirping of a cricket, or the noiſe of a ſpider: not to mention the thouſand other inſtances of the effects of this mental deluſion upon the petticoat world, ſuch as the confidence placed in dreams, the treaſuring up of ruſty iron as an infallible antidote to misfortune; the magical virtue ſuppoſed to be inherent in a brace of black cats, with a myriad beſide; in ſhort,

" Cætera de genere hoc (adeo ſunt multa) loquacem
" Delaſſare valent Fabium."

Although the examples of this kind are ſo very abundant, and would weary even the powers of a Fabius in the narration of them, I would be unwilling to withhold one which juſt at this moment occurs to me, eſpecially as it ſerves to exemplify in an extraordinary manner the variety of effects that may be produced upon the mind by ſuperſtitious imaginations. What I allude to, is a quality almoſt univerſally gifted on the valetudinarian members of the female community; and that a quality of prediction of nothing more nor leſs than the weather, and is common to all who chance to be haraſſed by the occaſional torments of the lumbago, gout, rheumatiſm, or other ſimilar malady. Oft have I been diverted in the ſociety of old dames of this deſcription, who, with a formal ſhrug, a commotion of their whole frame, and not unfrequently by a violent muſcular diſtortion, would anticipate ſome diſmal atmoſpheric change from a ſlight rheumatic attack in the ankle or knee.

As theſe ill-boding ravens generally differ in their prophetic denunciations, it is no great wonder if one or other of them happen now and then to be right in her prophecy, and conſequently acquire for a while the reputation of an honeſt barometer, thereby gaining new credit for farther predictions. I have, however, never been able to learn that any one of the diſorders I have mentioned is peculiarly pre-eminent in endowing a perſon with the faculty of fore-knowledge, or whether pains in the foot, the knee, or the back, heve any difference in regard to their powers of aſſigning preſcience to the perſons affected. As this, however, is but an unprofitable enquiry, except merely as it may gratify curioſity, it muſt reſt unſatisfied until ſome more ſcrutinizing head than my own ſhall undertake the inveſtigation.

As I am now writing about the ſuperſtitious notions of women, the following anecdote may probably not be deemed irrele-

vant to the ſubject before us; as it is one, however, although relating to the other ſex, which ſeems to illuſtrate my remarks, in regard to the human race in general, I cannot but avail myſelf of it, and with it my eſſay ſhall cloſe.

A whimſical old bookſeller, in a ſmall town in Wales, who had in his juvenile days been a common ſailor in his majeſty's ſervice, uſed frequently to relate of himſelf the following circumſtance: "When a youth," as he expreſſed himſelf, "I had the honour of paſſing moſt of my time on ſhip-board; and, being rather miſchievouſly given, did not ſcruple at times to take victuals that were not my own, but never unleſs my appetite was rather craving: being one very rainy day detected in the act of purloining ſome roaſted potatoes, I was immediately hoiſted on deck, and honoured with a round dozen for my exploit, ſince which time, as I live to ſay it, it has never rained but I have fancied myſelf ſtill under the laſh." Thus does the imagination of this fellow ſo work upon his feelings, that a rainy day never occurs, but his ſenſations ſympathize with the weather; and, if it continue wet for a conſiderable time, he does not ceaſe to groan under the imaginary ſtripes of the punitory ſcourge.

Your humble ſervant,

CAPHIR.

Deſcription of the Battle of Loncart, tranſlated from the Daniſh.

IN this year (985) the Daniſh fleet put to ſea, with an intention either to land in England or Scotland, according as the wind ſhould prove favourable for the one or the other. They caſt anchor in Scotland, near the promontory called Redhead, in the ſhire of Angus or Forfar, for it is known by theſe two names. Many of the Danes preferred a war with the Engliſh, as the Scotch were known to be a warlike people, and, beſides, there was no plunder even in caſe of ſucceſs. On the contrary, England was rich. They at length agreed, however, to try their luck in Scotland. They took the town of Montroſe, levelled it to the ground, ſo that not a veſtige of it remained; they alſo put all the inhabitants to the ſword. Having committed ſeveral wanton acts of cruelty, they marched through Angus to the Firth of Tay. Every ſtep was marked with blood and rapine. The inhabitants fled in every direction. Kineth, the king, ſat at the time in Stirling, diſpenſing juſtice to his ſubjects. The moment theſe diſaſtrous accounts reached his ears, he ordered a large body of men to be aſſembled under arms, in that part where the river Erne falls into the Tay; when they came to that place, they learned that the Danes had croſſed the Tay, cloſely inveſted

Perth,

Perth, and had ſlain all that fell in their way, without diſtinction of ſex, age, or rank.

As ſoon as Kineth received this afflicting intelligence, he haſtened to Loncart, or Loncartili, which lies at a ſhort diſtance from the Tay. Night came on ſoon after his arrival. As ſoon as the dawn appeared, the battle began. The king led the van; Malcolm, king of Cumbria, commanded the right wing; and Duncan, chieftain of Athol, headed the left. Kineth promiſed a certain ſum of money, or an equivalent in land, to every man who would bring in the head of a Dane. The Danes were poſted at the foot of a mountain, from whence the Scots rolled down large ſtones, intermingled with ſhowers of arrows, which killed a great number of the enemy. The conteſt was maintained with great bravery on both ſides for a conſiderable time. The right and leftwings of the Scots at length gave way; but the van, encouraged by the voice and example of their prince, kept their ground, and reſiſted every ſhock with unexampled valour.

In this ſituation it happened, that a Scottiſh peaſant of the name of Hay, and his two ſons, ploughing in a field at ſome diſtance, witneſſed the battle: kindled with patriotic fire, the old man and his ſons ſeized the implements of their plough—ſtood in a gap—and ſlew every man, friend and foe, that came within the reach of their arms; calling with all their might on their flying countrymen to return to the action, as help was now at hand. Their countrymen obeyed their call—returned—fell on the foe with ſuch fury that, in a ſhort time, the field was covered with the dead bodies of the Danes. The camp of the enemy, filled with proviſions, fell into the hands of the Scots the next day. The Danes ſuffered ſo ſeverely in this engagement, that they did not attempt to make head a ſecond time.

Hay, the patriotic peaſant, was called into the preſence of the king, and was royally rewarded with a large portion of the booty which the foe had left behind, as well as lands: he was alſo ennobled. The houſe of Arrol is deſcended from him. Hector Boethius, a Scottiſh hiſtorian, ſays, that Kineth granted him armorial bearings, but this muſt be a miſtake, as armorial bearings were not known in thoſe days.

Hiſtorical Account of the political Tranſactions and Revolutions which have happened at Taunton.

By Dr. Joshua Toulmin.

THE town of Taunton had a ſhare in the conteſts of the Saxon kings, and in the civil wars between the houſes of York and Lancaſter. It became the ſcene of military action in the reign of Henry VII. Perkin Warbeck, who for five years haraſſed

haraſſed the government, ſoon after he landed at Whitſand Bay, in Cornwall, and had failed in his attempt to take the city of Exeter, advanced to Taunton and ſeized the caſtle, in 1497; whither the king haſtened after him with all ſpeed; but Warbeck's previous flight from the town ſuperceded an engagement, and left the king to the enjoyment of an unbloody triumph.

In the unhappy civil wars under the reign of Charles I. it became, being conſidered as a key to the weſt of England, the object of a vigorous ſtruggle between the royal and parliamentary forces, which ſhould poſſeſs its fortreſs. In Auguſt, 1642, it was taken by the latter. In the next year, the marquis of Hertford drove them from hence, and took poſſeſſion of it in favour of the king. In 1644, Colonel Blake and Sir Robert Pye retook it for the parliament. Early in the ſpring of 1645, a large body of forces, to the amount of 10,000, marched to the attack of the town under Lord Young. By the length of the ſiege the town was reduced to great extremities; ſo that a French writer called Taunton, "the Saguntum of the parliament," in alluſion to the Saguntum in Spain. On the 11th of May the town was relieved by the approach of a brigade of Sir Thomas Fairfax's army; and the royal army, under an apprehenſion that the whole force of General Fairfax was on the march towards them, withdrew. This deliverance was celebrated for ſome years by acts of public devotion and anniverſary ſermons; and even within the memory of ſome living, the 11th of May has been obſerved with joy, as the mercies of it have been perpetuated in an hiſtorical ſong.

In the ſubſequent reign, the town became again the ſcene of popular commotions, and of royal revenge. The duke of Monmouth, when he entered the town on June 18, 1685, was received with unuſual demonſtrations of joy. The ſtreets were thronged with people; the houſes and doors were garniſhed with boughs and flowers; and twenty-ſix young ladies preſented him with colours at the expence of the townſmen: the captain preceding them, with a naked ſword in one hand, and a ſmall curious Bible in the other.

After the defeat of the raſh and unhappy duke, when Lord Chief Juſtice Jeffries, "breathing death like a deſtroying angel, ſanguined his very cruelties with blood," and ſat out with a ſpecial commiſſion to try all who had aided the duke, Taunton became the theatre of his warmeſt rage and cruelty. In this town and at Wells were more than 500 priſoners. Here 19 were executed: among whom were ſome very diſtinguiſhed characters. The maidens who carried the colours before the duke, though ſome of them were children of eight or ten years old, were not ſuffered to eſcape the rigour of the chief juſtice's inquiſition. One was committed to Dorcheſter gaol, where ſhe died of the

ſmall-pox: another, terrified by the fierce countenance with which, on being produced before him, the judge looked at her, died not many hours after with fear. The ſurvivors were excepted from the general pardon, which was afterwards iſſued. The ſum of 7000l. as a Chriſtmas-box to the maids of honour, was demanded of their parents for their ranſom; and proceedings were not dropt, till the ſums of 100l. or 50l. had been gained from the parents of ſome of them.

But the cruelties of which, under the cloak of a judicial proceſs, this town was the ſcene, were ſurpaſſed by the violence and barbarity of Colonel Kirk's military executions. He came to Taunton with a number of priſoners, and two cart-loads of wounded men. Of theſe he immediately hanged nineteen, on the Cornhill, by military law, their wounds yet bleeding: endeavouring to overpower their dying cries, and the lamentations of the people and relatives, by the playing of pipes, the ſound of the trumpet, and the beat of the drum.

He one day, after a dinner given to his officers, commanded thirty men to be executed on the ſign-poſt of the inn, by ten at a time, while the glaſs went round in three healths: one to the king, a ſecond to the queen, and a third to Judge Jefferies. The mangled bodies of the victims of his cruelty were immediately ſtripped, their breaſts cleaved aſunder, and their hearts, while warm, were ſeparately thrown into a large fire; and, as each was caſt in, a great ſhout was raiſed, ſaying, "There goes the heart of a traitor." When their hearts were burnt, their quarters were boiled in pitch, and hung up in all the croſsways and public parts of the town and neighbourhood.

It ſhall be added here, that as the inhabitants of Taunton had ſeverely ſuffered under the rod of oppreſſion, no place, no town, hailed the revolution effected by William III. with greater ardour and gladneſs.—They flocked to the ſtandard of the prince of Orange; and the generoſity of their zeal entailed on their poſterity a burdenſome and diſproportioned quota towards the land-tax.

Account of the Patent granted to Mr. George Bodley, Iron Founder, of Exeter, for a certain portable Stove or Kitchen, calculated for the Purpoſe of dreſſing Victuals.

THE nature of this invention, generally ſpeaking, conſiſts in the mode of conſtructing the ſaid ſtove or kitchen, and in the manner of communicating the heat to the oven and fountain, or the hot cloſet. As the particulars of the ſaid invention, together with the manner in which the conſtruction of it is performed, are only deſcribed and aſcertained in and by the ſeveral

veral plans or drawings annexed thereunto, in four ſeparate figures, we cannot give the explanations or particular deſcriptions thereof without the ſaid plates to refer to, repreſenting the external and internal parts, its place in the chimney, &c. One important advantage is, the courſe and direction of the ſmoke and heat through the flue, by means of which the whole heat is conveyed, with the greateſt impetus, in a ſingle ſtream, round the oven and fountain, or hot cloſet, or round the oven and under the aſh hole, aſcending through the upper part of the flue into the chimney. The courſe of this flue may be reverſed, the conſtruction of ſome chimnies requiring ſuch change of poſition.

This portable ſtove or kitchen is made of caſt iron plates, fixed together with wrought iron ſcrews, or any other convenient faſtenings; or it may be made wholly of wrought iron, excepting the ſides and back of the fire place and ſides of the aſh hole, which are lined with brick or ſtone, ſet in mortar or loam; and the external ſides or ends, and back of the ſtove or kitchen, are alſo commonly made of wrought or caſt iron: and, when ſo made, it may be uſed in the open air, or it may be fixed in a chimney. Its dimenſions may be varied, and made larger or ſmaller, to ſuit the convenience of the purchaſer. The meat dreſſed in this oven is ſtated to be equal, if not ſuperior, in flavour, to meat roaſted before the fire in the common way: the cooking is attended with leſs trouble, and a very conſiderable ſaving is made in the article of fuel.

An ANECDOTE.

MR. BARROW in his travels relates an inſtance of French influence prevailing at the Cape of Good Hope, too ſtriking to be overlooked. A Swiſs gentleman, who had filled a high and honourable ſtation in the ſervice of the Engliſh Eaſt India Company in Bengal, but for ſome reaſon or other had been diſmiſſed, paſſed through the Cape on his return to England, and became enamoured of its attractions. His wife, in his abſence, being handſome and much younger than himſelf, engaged the attention of Mr. Talleyrand, and lived with him as his miſtreſs, until the French government had found it convenient to paſs a reſolution *that there was a God*, and therefore that there ought to be a religion, when the former biſhop of Autun found no difficulty in obtaining a diſpenſation from the pope to marry her. The huſband, on his return to Europe, proceeded to Paris, where Mr. Talleyrand, to prevent his becoming troubleſome, recommended him to accept of a high appointment at the Cape of Good Hope, where he arrived within a month after the evacuation, not as plain Mr. G—, but in a high office under the Batavian government.

A Picture of an Univerſity Dun, in the Reign of King Charles the Firſt.

[From Blount's Microcoſmographia.]

AN univerſity dunne is a gentleman's follower cheaply purchas'd, for his own money has hired him. He is an inferiour creditor of ſome ten ſhillings or downwards, contracted for horſe-hire, or perchance for drinke, too weake to be put in ſuite, and he arreſts your modeſty. Hee is not very expenſive of his time, for he will wait upon your ſtaires a whole afternoon; and dance attendance with more patience than a gentleman-uſher. Hee is a fore beleagurer of chambers, and aſſaults them ſometimes with furious knockes; yet finds ſtrong reſiſtence commonly, and is kept out. Hee is a great complayner of ſchollers loytering, for he is ſure never to find them within, and yet he is the chiefe cauſe many times that makes them ſtudie.

Hee grumbles at the ingratitude of men that ſhunne him for his kindneſſe, but indeed it is his owne fault, for he is too great an upbrayder. No man puts them more to their brain than he; and by ſhifting him off, they learn to ſhift in the world. Some chooſe their roomes a-purpoſe to avoide his ſurpriſals, and thinke the beſt commodity in them his proſpect.

Hee is like a rejected acquaintance, hunts thoſe that care not for his company, and he knows it well enough; and yet will not keep away. The ſole place to ſupple him is the buttery, when he takes grievous uſe upon your name, and he is one much wrought with good beere and retorike. He is a man of moſt unfortunate voyages; and no gallant walks the ſtreets to leſs purpoſe.

[The lateneſs of the dinner-hour in our univerſities, and the impropriety of dunning a gentleman over the bottle, ſurrounded by his friends, now uſually limits the aſſiduity of the dun to what is called the morning.]

Anſwer, by J. Patch, of Everſhot School, to J. Truman's Queſtion, inſerted November 5.

ADMIT $x=18$, $y=1$, and $z=25$, whoſe ſum $=43$, and $x+y+z=450$; alſo $x+y+x+z=468$, agreeably to the queſtion, conſequently the learned and ingenious Mr. RAY is the name required.

*** Similar anſwers have been received from W. Gregory, of Tamerton Folliot; Neſſios; and T. Gill, an exciſe officer near Wells.

Anſwer, by Primroſe, of Taunton, to J. Callaway's Charade, inſerted Nov. 16.

O'ER LAPLAND's rude, uncultivated plains
Bleak Boreas undiſturb'd his ſway maintains;
Where hills and vales in ſnowy robes appear,
Begirt with icy chains thro' each revolving year.

☞ We have received the like anſwer from J. Patch, at Everſhot ſchool; Recluſe, of Awliſcombe; W. Bickham, jun. of Aſhburton; W. Tucker, of Tilſhead ſchool; G. Hann, jun. of Stoke Abbot; J. Channon, of Ottery; C. W. B. near Taunton; R. Burley, of Truro; W. Commins, T. Whicker, S. Murch, W. Strong, and R. Holwell, of Exeter; and J. B. Bloomfield, and J. Lewis, of Poole.

Anſwer, by T. Jarvis, of Malborough, to Primroſe's Enigma, inſerted Dec. 3.

AMIDST the battle's fierceſt rage
Is FORTITUDE afraid?
Ah no! it views the dreadful ſcene
Unmov'd and undiſmay'd.

*** We have received the like anſwer from Recluſe, of Awliſcombe; John Chubb, of Everſhot; and T. Whicker, P. Gove, and R. Holwell, of Exeter.

A REBUS, *by T. Rutger, of Clowance.*

WHEN Sol proclaims th' approaching day,
With ſportſmen lively, briſk, and gay,
My echoing firſt you'll hear;
My laſt is what impoſtors do,
Some purpoſe vile to hide from view,
Of their ill plots beware!
Now, Sirs, when you've theſe parts diſclos'd,
And then a liquor right tranſpos'd,
Ingenious plac'd between:
A pariſh then you'll bring to view,
Where firſt my native air I drew,
Which you'll deſcry I ween.

An ENIGMA, *by J. Paſcal.*

WHERE foaming billows daſh and dreadful roar,
And laſh with furious rage the ſandy ſhore;
While pealing thunder rends with horrid craſh,
And vivid lightning darts the ſulphureous flaſh;
Amid this ſcene of horror and diſmay,
Replete with frenzy, I my power diſplay.
Aſk hardy Jack, when on the trackleſs ocean,
Who makes the billows roll in wild commotion?
He'll ſay 'tis me, to each we are no ſtrangers,
He fears me not, tho' in the miſt of dangers.
When fierce I rage, deſtruction comes of courſe,
Nought can withſtand my ſtrong, impetuous force:
But hold, no more! for why ſhould I conceal
What you, dear gents. with eaſe will quick reveal?

§*§ *The favours of T. D. and ſome other correſpondents, who omitted to pay the poſtage of their letters, are of courſe rejected.*

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

To the OWL: *By* T SHOEL.

THOU bird of night, thou hated fowl,
Thou hooting, ſcreeching, ſcreaming owl;
That ſlumber'ſt thro' the hours of light,
Then wak'ſt to terrify the night.

How dreary is thy evening note,
Harſh grating thro' thy lab'ring throat;
Awaken'd echo hears the ſound,
And runs and ſhrieks the grove around.

The ſchool-boy, as to home he hies,
With eager haſte he quicken'd flies;
And youthful ſhepherds, on the plain,
Affrighted ſtart to hear thy ſtrain.

Say, loneſome bird, the cauſe reveal,
Why thus to night thy ſorrows tell;
What moves thee, midſt the world's repoſe,
To utter ſuch a tale of woes?

Has nature ſhut thee from the day,
When ſheds the ſun his golden ray;
And ſay, does envy fire thy breaſt,
To rob the ſleeping world of reſt.

Or heard'ſt thou Philomela's ſong,
Sweet thrill the liſt'ning ſhades along.
Reſolv'd that her enchanting ſound
In thy rough diſcords ſhall be drown'd.

Or is it true what women dream?
Who, when they hear thy midnight ſcream,
Believe ſome mortal yields his breath,
Faſt ſinking in the arms of death.

For oft, as on the church-yard yew,
The matron doth thy vilage view,
She trembles for her ſick-bed friend,
Juſt verging to his latter end.

And when thou flapp'ſt, with pinion drear,
Cloſe to the window hov'ring near,
No more th' enamour'd virgin ſleeps,
But for her abſent lover weeps.

Conceits how idle theſe and vain!
The phantoms of a giddy brain;
But reaſon hears a diff'rent voice
In thy diſtorted, diſmal noiſe.

If right I judge, thy ſcreams belong
To nature's full, eternal ſong,
Where concords ſweet with diſcords join,
And all in harmony combine.

Of envy thee I'll not accuſe,
No bearer thou of evil news;

No

No harbinger of death's dread power,
Foreboding man his final hour.

Tho' harſh thy notes, yet reaſon's ear,
In them thy Maker's praiſe can hear;
'Tis this that wakes thy piercing ſtrains,
And bids it echo thro' the plains.

That praiſe which nature hymns aloud,
That rattles in the thund'ring cloud;
That lightnings blaze, that ſtorms declare,
Loud ſweeping thro' the troubled air.

One burſt of general praiſe muſt flow
From all above, and all below;
While to the vaſt creation's bounds
The mighty Hallelujah ſounds.

The adoring ſeraph tunes the lyre,
And glows with inexpreſſive fire;
While grov'ling moles, immur'd in earth,
Declare the author of their birth.

Here tempeſts rave, and thunders roar,
And bellowing oceans beat the ſhore;
There zephyrs ſhake their fragrant wings,
And charming Philomela ſings.

Here lions howl acroſs the plains,
Affrighting ſavages and ſwains;
There bleating flocks, and lowing kine,
All in the ſolemn anthem join.

The ſprightly lark mounts up on high,
And pours her mattin thro' the ſky;
While in the flow'ry vale below
Each inſect bids its ſonnet flow.

Here linnet, blackbird, thruſh agree,
And mix their various melody;
There ravens croak, and owls loud ſcream,
And all conſpire to ſwell the theme.

Thus is the Eternal bleſs'd by all,
The high, the low, the great, the ſmall;
Let men awake their nobleſt lays,
And aid the univerſal praiſe.

LOVE SONNET.

AH! pearly drops, that pouring from thoſe eyes
Spoke the diſſolving cloud of fond deſire!
What time cold ſorrow chill'd the genial fire,
Struck the fair urns, and bade the waters riſe.
Soft down thoſe cheeks where native crimſon vies,
With ivory whiteneſs ſee the cryſtals throng;
As ſome clear river winds its ſtream along,
Bathing the flowers of pale and purple dyes.
Whilſt love, rejoicing in the amorous ſhower,
Stands like ſome bird that, after ſultry heats,
Enjoys the drops, and ſhakes his glittering wings;
Then graſps his bolt, and, conſcious of his power
Midſt thoſe bright orbs, aſſumes his wonted ſeat,
And thro' the lucid ſhower his living lightnings flings.